

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

A FEW weeks ago it was stated that Count Tolstoy would soon undertake a journey through Europe. We regret to learn that at this moment Count Tolstoy is in a very prostrate condition after a serious attack of illness. Great anxiety is felt by his friends, whose eyes are turned to his couch at Yasny Poliana with a certain alarm. Notwithstanding all rumours to the contrary, there is no possibility of the proposed journey to Western Europe being undertaken, nor is it probable that Count Tolstoy will be seen much again even in Moscow society.

WE are overwhelmed with new novels, many of them by writers having great, yet equal, claims to the careful attention of the critic. It is in the eternal unfitness of things that they should all come together.

*The Life of Professor Huxley* by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. The book is not a summary of the father's contributions to science nor of his philosophic views, but rather a study of the man himself, of his character and temperament, and the circumstances under which his various works were begun and completed. So far as possible the story is told by original letters and by extracts from Huxley's correspondence, which was, however, by no means voluminous. The arrangement is simply chronological; seven chapters cover the first eight-and-twenty years; from that point to the end a chapter is allotted, roughly speaking, to every year.

MR. WILLIAM C. MCBAIN informs us that the announcement that Mr. Herbert Spencer was, in response to a kind of round robin from his leading adherents, about to issue a book on the topics of the day is incorrect. Mr. Spencer writes that "the rumour is baseless. I am engaged on no book on the 'follies of the time.'"

MR. JOHN MORLEY's biographical study of Oliver Cromwell will be published next month. The work is incidentally a history, but it is primarily a biography—that is, an interpretation of a temperament and a career. The historical sense enables the biographer to enter with full sympathy into motives and ideals alien from his own—though the attitude maintained is always rather that of a critic and never that of an enthusiast.

"THERE is something very far wrong," writes a correspondent, "with the chronology of Miss Corelli as displayed by her in the ACADEMY note of last issue relative to the late Eric Mackay. Miss Corelli stated that she never met him until he returned as a man of forty-five to his father's house, when she was a child of twelve. Now Eric Mackay was born in 1851, and died in 1898, at the age of forty-seven, whence it follows that Miss Corelli is only fourteen years old now. This explains and excuses many things."

MR. KIPLING's reward for the serial rights of his story, *Kim of the Rishki*, is nearly £5,000, and, says a chronicler, "the receipts from the sales in book form will certainly not be less than £6,000," adding: "The price is satisfactory, but Lord Beaconsfield received £10,000 for *Lothair*; and it must be remembered that the story was not published in serial form, and that there was no American copyright." Yes, but it must also be remembered that Lord Beaconsfield was the father of Kipling-imperialism.

THIS week's *Gentlewoman* gives us Marie Bashkirtseff's first acquaintance with Guy de Maupassant, from whom she received literary letters before they actually met:

I remain in the house in order to reply to the unknown (Guy de Maupassant). That is to say, that I am unknown to him. He has already replied three times. He is not a Balzac whom one adores completely. I regret now not to have addressed myself to Zola, but to his lieutenant, who has talent, and much. He is, among the young, the one who pleases me. I woke up one beautiful morning with the desire of getting the pretty things I know how to say appreciated by a connoisseur. I searched and chose him.

The correspondence had its young troubles. Only five days later we read:

As I foresaw, all is broken off between my correspondent and myself. His fourth and last letter is coarse and stupid.

For the rest, as I am telling him in my last reply, these things need a boundless admiration on the part of the unknown. I think that he is not content, but what do I care for that!

Another five days pass, and:

Rosalie brings me from the *poste restante* a letter from Guy de Maupassant. The fifth is the best. We are not offended any longer. And then he had done in the *Gaulois* a delightful *chronique*. I feel myself appeased. It is so amusing!

This man whom I did not know occupies all my thoughts. Does he think of me? Why does he write to me?

We shall know more about this curious friendship when the *Gentlewoman* prints—as it promises to do—the actual correspondence.

OUR best wishes to the *Monthly Magazine*. It is distinctive, pleasantly solid in the hand, and nobly printed. There are three editorial articles on political questions, followed by a variety of interesting matter. The Amir of Afghanistan's chapter autobiography is dealt with by us elsewhere. Mrs. Hugh Bell writes on "The Influence of the Stage," Mr. Roger E. Fry on "Art Before Giotto," and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch on "T. E. B." Mr. Anthony Hope's story, "Tristram of Blent," is a worthy rear-guard.

WE do not think that the interests of Mr. J. M. Barrie, or of literature, will be greatly served by the rather lengthy monograph on himself, and his books, just written by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, and published by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son. Mr. Hammerton anticipates the very sound objections to the publication of such a book, by saying: "A sufficient answer would seem to be, that

in such writers as J. M. Barrie, Thomas Hardy, 'Ian Maclaren,' Rudyard Kipling, and several others, the public that reads books is vastly more interested than it is in the mighty dead." There it is again—that "Corban" of literature: "The public want it." Beshrew the public, and the writers who are always ready to anticipate its fads and unsuitable appetites. Mr. Barrie is a humorist, and a retiring one; but we are not sure that his sense of humour will tide him over such a chapter heading as "His Knowledge of Womankind." The biographical element, we are pleased to say, is discreetly small. Of Mr. Barrie's marriage we are told: "The match was quite a little romance." So was ours.

MUCH has been written on the sources from which Robert Louis Stevenson formed his style; but his search for matter, local colour, and all the illuminating data which a novelist needs has been less carefully described. There is, therefore, much to interest in Mr. G. W. T. Omond's effort to supply this omission in an article on "The Art of Robert Louis Stevenson" which he contributes to the current *North American Review*. Thus, in writing *Weir of Hermiston*, Stevenson had various difficulties. Mr. Omond describes his researches:

The way in which Stevenson tackled some legal questions which arose is very characteristic. "I wish," he wrote to Mr. Charles Baxter, "Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, *quam primum*. Also, an absolutely correct copy of the Scots judiciary oath. Also, in case Pitcairn does not come down late enough, I wish as full a report as possible of a Scots murder trial between 1790 and 1820. Understand, the fullest possible." And then, in the frankest way imaginable, he asks for information on a point of Scottish criminal procedure of so elementary a nature that the youngest lawyer in Edinburgh could have answered it offhand. (*Weir of Hermiston*, p. 271.) But Stevenson, who had laid aside his wig and gown long before, was far too conscientious and thoroughgoing to rely on his recollections of what he must have known in his Parliament House days, and he would not run the slightest risk that, even on a technical point of legal practice, his novel might not be quite correct. One of his friends in the Speculative Society had been Mr. Graham Murray, now Lord Advocate, who told him how the land lay. "Graham Murray's note *re* the venue was highly satisfactory, and did me all the good in the world," he writes.

Nor infrequently Stevenson made direct use of some picturesque incident that he found in musty volumes. Mr. Omond gives an instance of this. In *Kidnapped* a letter is to be sent from the Heugh of Corrynakeigh, but paper, pen, and ink are wanting:

*Kidnapped*, p. 207.

*State Trials*, XIX., p. 144.

But he was a man of more resources than I knew; searched the wood until he found a quill of a cushat dove, which he shaped into a pen; made himself a kind of ink with gunpowder from his horn and water from the running stream; and tearing a corner from his French military commission (which he carried in his pocket, like a talisman. to keep him from the gallows) he sat down and wrote as follows.

Alan looked about among the trees, and finding a wood-pigeon's quill, made a pen of it, and having made ink of some powder he took out of a powder-horn that was in his pocket, he wrote a letter.

NONE the less did Stevenson act on Whitman's plan: "I loaf and invite my soul." Only the loafing came to its due end, the "maceration" period preparing the way for strenuous construction and the painful work of finding the right words and setting them in the right order. Some writers do not neatly end the one process before they

begin the other. We are told that Hawthorne, while writing the *Scarlet Letter*, would take a garment from his wife's sewing basket and abstractedly snip it to pieces. And once with his penknife he whittled off the arms of a rocking-chair in a brown study.

In summing up, Mr. Omond approves Stevenson's sane view of his own achievement. He knew he had not Scott's knowledge or invention. He could not squander, he must needs elaborate. "He was far too shrewd not to acknowledge that it was beyond his power to reach the lofty eminence occupied by Scott, and that he could never have created the Baron of Bradwardine, or the Antiquary, or Jeanie Deans, nor woven together such a masterpiece as the plot of *Guy Mannering*." His tributes were the more striking because of his keen, almost angry, perception of Scott's contempt of the "toils, and vigils, and distresses" of the artist. Mr. Omond ends a good article with a rather eccentric judgment. He says:

There can be little doubt that what Stevenson wrote will stand the test of time, and that hereafter he will hold a place in the goodly fellowship of the immortals, with Balzac, and Defoe, and Cervantes, and the rest; but no man knew better than Stevenson that, far above them all, Scott moves by himself along the higher ridges of the mountains, unapproachable.

Now Stevenson may live with these masters, or he may not. But it is safe to say that if he lives with Cervantes and Balzac his claims to immortality are equal, if not superior, to Scott's own.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* asks why we should not have a magazine devoted to the literature, art, and history of the past? This "Retrospective Review" would, he considers, revive a lagging interest in great achievements, and even introduce for the first time to many readers work which is amongst the world's best. He would reprint some of the *Arabian Nights*, and dig for treasure in the yet untouched mines of oriental literatures. Much of Voltaire, who is hardly read nowadays, would be practically new matter to this generation, and Cervantes, Goethe, Pascal, La Bruyère would have their turn, as well as such lesser lights as Alfred de Vigny, Stendhal, and Vauvenargues. The idea strikes us as good, though likely to be crowded out.

*Moonshine's* recent *plébiscite* of the best ten books for a five years' sojourn on a desert island has ricocheted to Chicago, where the *Evening Post* prints the selections of grave and reverend critics. Nearly all the lists are of an inevitable character. But among the books selected are:

Blackstone's *Commentaries* (a good choice).

*Century Dictionary*.

*Mrs. Rohren's Cook-Book*.

*How to Tell Wild Flowers*.

Montaigne on Cannibals.

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* (as Dilated by Mr. FitzGerald).

Dilated! We thank thee, Chicago, for that word.

MR. HENLEY makes rough sport, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, of the *Quarterly Reviewer* who recently attempted to explain the present dearth, and improbability, of great poetry. The Reviewer held that great poetry can be born only in a general exultation of feeling: "The general conditions that go to produce great poetry are for the moment wanting. . . . The faiths, the hopes, and the aspirations of the present generation are not in a state of sufficient, or sufficiently definite, excitement to generate the atmosphere which great poetry requires." Mr. Henley declines to be struck by this explanation, or to share the Reviewer's



hope that the new Imperialism may yet warm the air to the required extent. He says:

For myself I think that the "old-fashioned" explanation is the best; and that the reason that there is no great poetry on top just now is that there are no great poets. Still, we never know. The Reviewer admits that the new gospel of Imperialism reads not unlike a reality; and 'tis plain that he does not despair of "great poetry" on the impulse of an optimistic pessimism (or a pessimistic optimism) which shall some day take our Rudyard (like a colic), and constrain him to produce—not "spirited poems," which is all he is fit for now—but a real achievement in great poetry. But I've my doubts; and, I confess it, I turn with hope and confidence to the conclusions of another Reviewer in this same number of the *Quarterly*. It is so full of cheer for the future of English Verse! This Reviewer's word is that we must "study balance and the use of resolved feet"—that, in a word, we must put our trust in Mr. Robert Bridges, "and he will pull us through." Between the two *Quarterly* Reviewers—the Pessimistic Optimist (or whatever he is) and Mr. Bridges his devotee, can English Verse, the medium of Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Herrick and Dryden, Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson, Coleridge, Keats, Blake—can English Verse, I say, go wrong?

I do not think it can. But it behoves Mr. Meredith, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Kipling, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and the rest to make the most of the chance that is here presented to them. If they do, "great poetry" is ours at once. If they do not—! But I decline to discuss so scandalous an alternative.

A FLOTILLA of standard sea-stories—six in all—is issued by Messrs. Sampson Low at a guinea. They are: Fenimore Cooper's *Two Admirals*, Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*, Mr. Clark Russell's *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*, Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*, Michael Scott's *Tom Cringle's Log*, and George Cupples's *The Green Hand*. The last story is probably the least known, but not the least worth knowing. Cupples, indeed, is perhaps the most finished of all these writers. You cannot open *The Green Hand* without tumbling on a satisfactory passage. Take one at random:

On we crept, slow as death, and almost as still, except the jerk of the oars from the heaving water at her bows, and the loud flap of the big topsails now and then, everything aloft save them and the brailled foresail being already close furled; the clouds all the while rising away along our larboard beam nor-west and north, over the gray bank on the horizon, till once more you could scarce say which point the wind would come from, unless by the huge purple heap of vapour in the midst. The sun had got low, and he shivered his dazzling spokes of light behind one edge of it, as if 't were a mountain you saw over some coast or other; indeed, you'd have thought the ship almost shut in by land on both sides of her, which was what seemed to terrify the passengers most, as they gathered about the poop-stairs and watched it—which was the true land and which the clouds, 't was hard to say—and the sea gloomed writhing between them like a huge lake in the mountains.

THE latest addition to the series of "Temple Classics" is Lord Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*, Vol. I. We open it at random and rub our eyes when we see the heading "On Log-Rolling" above one of the pages. Lord Macaulay knew nothing, we should suppose, of this word, which is of a later day than "puff"; and a question—a very small one, to be sure—might be raised as to the propriety of associating him with it. However, the word lends a new interest to Lord Macaulay's description of critical wickedness in high places, prevailing in 1830. After seventy years, his denunciation of puffs cannot be said to have lost all their force.

It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last few years. The publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this periodical work the first flourish of trumpets is sounded. The peal is then echoed and re-echoed by all the other periodical works over which the

publisher, or the author, or the author's coterie, may have any influence. The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs of all the various kinds which Sheridan enumerated, direct, oblique, and collusive. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful," "brilliant wit," "exquisite humour," and other phrases equally flattering, fall in a shower as thick and as sweet as the sugar-plums at a Roman carnival. Sometimes greater art is used. A sinecure has been offered to the writer if he would suppress his work, or if he would even soften down a few of his incomparable portraits. . . . That people who live by personal slander should practise these arts is not surprising. Those who stoop to write calumnious books may well stoop to puff them; and that the basest of all trades should be carried on in the basest of all manners is quite proper and as it should be. But how any man who has the least self-respect, the least regard for his own personal dignity, can condescend to persecute the public with this Rag-fair importunity, we do not understand. Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree, be an excuse for employing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in the one way as in the other.

ANOTHER book with Mars in its title! It is announced by Messrs. Harper, in the American papers, in these terms:

We have just published a book entitled *From India to the Planet Mars*, by Prof. Th. Flournoy, Professor of Psychology in the University of Geneva. It is an account of his observations regarding the very remarkable powers of a medium called Mlle. Hélène "Smith," in Geneva, who says she is the reincarnated spirit of the favourite wife of a Hindoo prince, who lived in Kanara in 1401. She is also the reincarnated spirit of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France and wife of Louis XVI., beheaded in 1793. She also makes spirit journeys to the planet Mars, has discovered a Martian language, describes scenes, costumes, &c., in Mars, and tells stories and incidents in all her three lives. The book reads like a romance of the most absorbing kind, but it is fact based on the scientific authority of so distinguished a man as Prof. Flournoy. It is not only a popular but a scientific work.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Your 'Things Seen' often contain some striking and even startling contrasts, and in looking over Mary Howitt's *The Desolation of Eyam*, and *Other Poems*, recently I was reminded of that department of your paper by reading a poem in the volume entitled 'Tyre.' Here is her 'Thing Seen':

In thought, I saw the palace domes of Tyre;  
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;  
All her proud people, in their brave attire,  
Thronging her streets for sports, or sacrifice.  
I saw her precious stones and spiceries;  
The singing girl with flower-wreathed instrument;  
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price.  
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,  
And kings to her on embassy were sent.  
I saw, with gilded prow and silken sail,  
Her ships, that of the sea had government.  
Oh! gallant ships, 'gainst you what might prevail!  
She stood upon her rock, and in her pride  
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied.

I looked again—I saw a lonely shore;  
A rock amid the waters and a waste  
Of trackless sand: I heard the bleak sea's roar,  
And winds that rose and fell with gusty haste.  
There was one scathed tree, by storm defaced,  
Round which the sea-birds wheeled, with screaming cry.  
Ere long, came on a traveller slowly paced;  
Now east, then west, he turned, with curious eye,  
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.  
Awhile he looked upon the sea—and then  
Upon a book—as if it might supply  
The thing he lacked—he read, and gazed again—  
Yet, as if unbelief so on him wrought,  
He might not deem this shore the shore he sought.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have issued new pocket reprints of Mr. Meredith's poems (selections), "The Story of Bhanavar the Beautiful," and "The Tale of Chloe." Brown paper covers, parchment backs, fine printing, and lightness beyond belief, are the qualities of these delightful volumes.

WANTED, a term for an inexact synonym. A correspondent writes: "I should be much obliged for being furnished with a word, from the English language preferably, or from Greek or any other, denoting an inexact synonym or incomplete verbal equivalent—e.g., 'sleep' for 'slumber.' As I cannot find the desired expression in Roget's Thesaurus, nor in the Century Dictionary, would it not be worth while to invent one in time for the New English Dictionary? It is a pity that *paronym*, *homonym*, and *heteronym* seem appropriated already."

ANOTHER correspondent writes: "In last week's ACADEMY I read the statement: 'Mark Pattison put the minimum of a decent personal library at a thousand volumes.' I should very much like to know if he did say this. I have always felt disheartened by his *obiter dictum*, as I heard it: 'No one can be said to have a library at all unless he has at least ten thousand volumes.' What a comfort it would be to know it was only one thousand!" We are unable at the moment to resolve our correspondent's doubts—and our own.

AMONG new Parliamentary candidates connected with literature and journalism are:

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who contests the Falkirk Burghs as a Liberal.

Sir George Newnes, who seeks to re-enter Parliament as Liberal member for Swansea.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Liberal Imperialist candidate for Mid-Worcestershire.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, Unionist candidate for Gravesend.

## Bibliographical.

AN interesting notion is that of the "Lover's Library" which Mr. John Lane is to give us, though I do not quite see why the collection should be confined to verse. Mr. Lane, to be sure, is the poets' publisher, but he does not disdain prose. The "Library" must needs be a little saccharine in quality, at least for those of us who have "come to forty year." Nevertheless it will have, you may be sure, its many votaries. So far, the collections of love poetry have been in single volumes and of the nature of anthologies. The first with which I became acquainted was that which Messrs. H. S. King & Co. published in 1874—*Lyrics of Love from Shakespeare to Tennyson*, a pretty little book which Tennyson permitted the compiler to dedicate to him. It contained, also by permission, many copyright poems by Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and many other "stars" then shining. Then, in 1892, came *Love-Songs of English Poets, 1500-1800*, edited and annotated by Mr. Ralph Caine, and notable for coming down no farther than Charles Wells. The arrangement here was chronological. In *Lyric Love*, an anthology made (also in 1892) by Mr. William Watson, the grouping of the pieces was according to their general subject. Among the now living authors drawn upon were Mr. Meredith, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Dobson, Mr. De Vere, Mr. Henley, Mr. Austin, Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Blunt, while of the last generation Tennyson, Arnold, Patmore, Darley, Clough, Beddoes, Frederick Locker, Thomas Ashe, Mr. Browning, and the two Rossettis were quoted. On the whole, my only fear in regard to the "Lover's Library" is that it may stretch to the crack of doom. I don't see how it is to be comprehensive, and yet be comprised within reasonable limits.

In view of Mr. John Morley's forthcoming work on

Oliver Cromwell, it may be interesting to range in chronological order the various memoirs of and monographs on Cromwell which have appeared in England during the last twenty years. These were written, respectively, by Mr. F. W. Cornish (1881), the Rev. E. Paxton Hood (1882), Mr. Frederic Harrison (1888), Mr. J. A. Picton (1889), Sir R. F. Palgrave (1890), Mr. J. Waylen (1891), Mr. S. H. Church (1894), Mr. D. Murphy (1896), Mr. S. R. Gardiner (1897), Rev. R. F. Horton (1897), Mr. W. S. Douglas (1898), Mr. Gardiner again (1899), Sir R. Tangye (1899), Mr. F. W. Aveling (1899), Mr. G. H. Pike (1899), and Mr. T. Baldock (1899). Some of these writers, of course, dealt only with special phases of Cromwell's character and career. Thus, Mr. Hood dwelt on his Times and Battlefields, Mr. Gardiner (in 1897) on his Place in History, Mr. Horton on his Religion, Sir R. Palgrave on his Protectorate, Mr. Douglas on his Scotch Campaigns, and Mr. Murphy on his work in Ireland; while Mr. Baldock regarded him particularly as a Soldier, and Sir R. Tangye dealt not only with Oliver, but with Richard Cromwell. Few English historical personages have received so much attention as Cromwell has of late years from English men of letters.

It is good news that Mr. G. A. Aitken is preparing an edition of the *Journal to Stella*; but what is to be said of the announcement that another edition of Boswell's *Johnson* is on the way, and that from one of our publishing firms we are to have reprints of Vasari, of White's *Selborne*, of Mitford's *Our Village*, and of *Cranford*? A reprint of *Cranford* is promised both by Dent and by Methuen, and one wonders when the supply will stop. Messrs. Blackwood issued the other day a neat edition of *Eothen*; now another is advertised by another firm. Does this ringing the changes on a very few classics pay? I hope it does, but I don't see how it can.

Pascal is one of the foreign classics on whom there is always a "run." His *Thoughts*, translated by Mr. Kegan Paul, appeared in 1884 and again in 1888; in the latter year H. L. Sidney Lear published in English a selection from the *Thoughts*. The *Thoughts on Religion*, Englished by Mr. Basil Kennet, formed in 1893 one of Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books, while in the following year came the *Thoughts on Religion and Philosophy* as Englished by Isaac Taylor. Now I note that *Selected Thoughts of Blaise Pascal*, translated by a lady, is to make one of the new volumes in the "Scott Library."

Canon Rawnsley was, I believe, an intimate of the Tennysons, and now we are to have a book containing his *Memoirs* of them. Moreover, there is to come, all the way from Yale, U.S.A., a professorial work on *The Mind of Tennyson: His Thoughts on God, Freedom, and Immortality*. I am glad to hear of the latter, because there are those who hold that Tennyson was not a thinker at all—that he simply put into concise, melodious form the thoughts of others. We shall see what the Yale professor makes of him.

The novelists still go (and will continue to go) to the poets for their titles. Thus from a lady named Theophila Worth we are to have *The Marriage of True Minds* (Shakespeare), and from another named Elizabeth Godfrey *The Harp of Life*—which, I assume, is an allusion to the line, "Love took up the harp of life," and so forth.

There is to be another edition—published, appropriately enough, at Nottingham—of *The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*. They were reprinted, if I remember rightly, not so many years ago, though I cannot at the moment give the date. J. O. Halliwell's edition of 1840 will recall itself to many.

Among forthcoming novels is included *A Patched-up Affair*, by Florence Warden. This, I presume, is the story on which Miss Warden based the little play, with the same title, which was performed one afternoon last season at the St. James's Theatre.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## An Explosion of Humanity.

*Rabelais: Gargantua and Pantagruel.* Translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Le Motteux. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 3 vols. (David Nutt.)

"HARKEN (quothe Fryar Jhon) to the Oracle of the Bells of Varennes; What say they? I hear and understand them (quothe Panurge) their Sound is by my Thirst, more uprightly fatidical than that of Jove's Great Kettles of Dodona."

These words from the chapter in which Fryar Jhon "merrily and sportingly counselleth Panurge" on the subject of marriage, hint the strength of that man and of that book whom we mingle under the word "Rabelais." Down the centuries come the quick fatidical melodies of the bells of Varennes, but through them, from the night of Time, in deep undertone and awful continuance—Jove's Great Kettles of Dodona! It is because these groan through Rabelais, that Rabelais is great. It is because the book is greater than its age, and that in it we may hear Jove's Great Kettles, and Varennes' bells, and the midnight tolling of St. Paul's, and all bells that labour in the night over sleeping men, that this book can never grow old. But (to descend from belfries) it is also one of those books that gloriously restore men to themselves. Man shall not be too superstitious, too learned, or too refined; nor too long may he walk with his head in the clouds. When we build too curiously there is born a gay strong man, whose laughter knocks off the edifice its shams and hypocrisies. Again and again—since the Wife of Bath and Pantagruel—these strong, salty creations have appeared in literature: Sancho Panza, Falstaff, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Don Juan. It is forbid that the essential man who eats, drinks, and begets shall be forgotten; and how timely-welcome is the old Adam to the new! The old is at least real, the new is so often a mystic or a rope-dancer. Rabelais is the real man of the sixteenth century, and his book was an explosion of humanity.

It has been said by one student of Rabelais that, "alone among the great writers of the world, Rabelais can be appreciated by students only. To the general reader . . . he is a closed book." Exactly what this writer means by a student, and exactly what he means by a general reader, we do not know; but taking the dictum as it stands we demur to it. That the greatest onslaught on vain scholarship ever delivered by a scholar should be a closed book to the ordinary reader may seem at first sight to be a reasonable proposition. It could be maintained if Rabelais had met scholarship only with scholarship. But this was not his way. His attack was positive, not negative; he met the subtleties of the schools with a riotous display of the human animal, and gusts of essential laughter that no man might resist. It is most true, as this critic says, that his book is not for the young, nor for women. Nor is it for those who can form no cleanly conception of Rabelais's genius. He is for wholesome men, who, pursuing their way through life, wish sometimes to correct their sense of the aspiring man who fades by contemplating the natural man who persists. Rabelais provides this spectacle, and he provides it under the seal and safeguard of inextinguishable laughter.

The conditions of life which produced Rabelais as their cure are set forth with a scrupulous yet glowing scholarship by Mr. Whibley. His introduction of nearly a hundred pages contains all our essential knowledge of the wizard of Touraine. Perhaps Rabelais' late youth, his emergence from Fontenay-le-Comte on the world—a disgusted friar and an overgrown schoolboy—in his fortieth year, is a feature of his life that has been

dwelt upon with more effect by one or two other writers. To have kept the dew of one's youth until that age of portliness is considered a goodly thing; with Rabelais that dew had still to fall. From a child he had lived in convents and pored over books; at forty the world was still all before him. May not this strange delay of experience explain the force and volume of that outburst which was soon to amaze Europe? At first he lived the life of a scholar and a literary hack; he went to Lyons, a centre of gracious learning, where he talked with emancipated men and cured sick. He wrote prefaces and almanacs for Sebastian Gryphius, and chap-books in which he parodied the astrologers, and began to grow the feathers of his wit. Meanwhile, the Theme was unconsciously growing, the wells of gaiety were being opened by every blow from the staff of Fate. Mr. Whibley of course scouts the superstition that Rabelais threw off his book to put a bankrupt printer on his legs. "He had no more thought of the publisher when he sat down to write than he had of his own skin. . . . He needed no spur of friendship or expediency to sing the psalm of freedom and joy that was humming in his head." Taking as his basis the legends of Gargantua and Pantagruel, familiar in Touraine as Dick Whittington in London or Tregeagle in Cornwall, Rabelais wove into these the innumerable strands of a learning gathered in monastery walls, and fed now from every centre of culture. He had made the vast discovery that what passed for learning was nine-tenths pedantry, and that what passed for asceticism was nine-tenths sham. His was the hoarse shout of the Renaissance; his the hobnails that trampled on formulæ and tradition, and on all monkery and illiberal learning. "In effect," says Mr. Whibley, "he suppressed a thousand years, and pictured man as he was before the artifice of law and church got hold of him. So he practised in a louder voice the same doctrine of Erasmus. But while Erasmus may be compared to a crystal-clear well, whose unruffled surface is broken only by the few, Rabelais is like a turbid, tumultuous torrent, clanking over half-covered rocks, and reverberating in the ears of all men." Whatever was musty in Church, Law, and Learning was blown aside by a hot blast of human breath. Useless learning was made to look cheap by a prodigious display of lore in burlesque application to trifles. Of travesty, too, Rabelais was a master. The conversation between Pantagruel and the Limousin scholar who talked the mad Latinities of Ronsard may be cited:

"My friend," asked Pantagruel, "whence comest thou?"

The Scholar answered him: "From the alme, inclyte, and celebrate Academie, which is vocititated Lutetia."

"What is the meaning of this?" said Pantagruel to one of his men.

"It is," answered he, "from Paris."

"Thou comest from Paris then," said Pantagruel; "and how do you spend your time there, you my Masters, the Students of Paris?"

The Scholar answered: "We transfretate the Sequam at the dilucal and crepuscal; we deambulate by the compites and quadrives by the Urb: we desprimate the Latial verbocination; and, like verisimularie amorabons, we captat the benevolence of the omnijugal, omniform, and omnigenal feminine sexe. . . . We cauponisate in the meritory tabernes of the Pineapple, the Castle, the Magdalene, and the Mule, goodly vervecine spatules perforaminated with petrocile. . . ."

"What devilish language is this?—by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of Heretick."

The Monks have no peace for two pages together in Rabelais' book. He tells us in the very accents of the common people why monks are hated:

"If you conceive how an Ape in a family is always mocked, and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how Monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The Ape keeps not the house as a dog doth: He

drawes not in the plow as the ox: He yields neither milk nor wooll as the sheep: He carrieth no burden as a horse doth . . ."

"Yes, but," said Grangousier, "they pray to God for us."

"Nothing less," answered Gargantua. "True it is that with a tingle tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disquiet all their neighbours about them."

"Right," said Fryar Jhon, "a masse, a matine, a vespre well rung are half said. They mumble out great store of Legends and Psalmes, by them not at all understood: they say many patenotres, interlarded with ave-maries, without thinking upon, or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals."

In those last words we have Rabelais' true attitude. He was no heretic, and said so. "The least of their detractors," he says of his traducers, "were that my books were all stuffed with various Heresies, of which nevertheless they could not show one single instance; much indeed of comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor King: but of heresy not a word, unless they interpreted wrong and against all use of reason, what I had rather suffer a thousand deaths than have thought." Just as firmly he qualified his attacks on Learning in Gargantua's noble letter to Pantagruel. "And because, as the wise man Solomon saith, Wisdome entereth not into a malicious minde; and that knowledge without conscience is but the ruine of the soul, it behooveth thee to serve, to love, to feare God, and on him to cast all thy thoughts and all thy hope, and by faith formed in charity to cleave unto him, so that thou mayest never be separated from him by thy sins."

In the same letter, and very near to the foregoing passage, Gargantua advises his son to study Nature exactly and know "the fishes, all the fowles of the aire, all the several kindes of shrubs and trees . . . all the various metals . . . together with all the diversity of precious stones that are to be seen in the Orient," &c., &c. This exuberance of clean and beautiful knowledge is one of the glories of Rabelais. He knows all games, all country matters, all feats of arms and horsemanship, all lures and devices of the chase, all strange medicines and charms, all the lore of farms and vintages and ships and courts of justice. With what a gusto Pantagruel recalls the teaching of Gargantua on the futility of solitude and fastings:

He gave us also the Example of the Philosopher, who, when he thought most seriously to have withdrawn himself unto a solitary Privacy, far from the rustling cluttermen of the tumultuous and confused World, the better to improve his Theory, to contrive, comment and ratiocinate, was, notwithstanding his uttermost endeavours to free himself from all untoward Noises, surrounded and environ'd about so with the barking of Currs, bawling of Mastiffs, bleating of Sheep, prating of Parrots, tattling of Jackdaws, grunting of Swine, girning of Boars, yelping of Foxes, mewling of Cats, cheeping of Mice, squeaking of Weasils, croaking of Frogs, crowing of Cocks, kekling of Hens, calling of Partridges, chanting of Swans, chattering of Jays, peeping of Chickens, singing of Larks, creaking of Geese, chirping of Swallows, clucking of Moorfowls, cucking of Cuckows, bumbling of Bees, rammage of Hawks, chirring of Linnets, croaking of Ravens, screeching of Owls, wicking of pigs, gushing of Hogs, curring of Pigeons, grumbling of Cushet-doves, howling of Panthers, curkling of Quails, chirping of Sparrows, crackling of Crows, nuzzing of Camels, wheening of Whelps, buzzing of Dromedaries, mumbling of Rabets, cricking of Ferrets, humming of Wasps, mioling of Tygers, buzzing of Bears, sussing of Kittings, claming of Scarfes, whimpring of Fullmarts, boing of Buffalos, warbling of Nightingales, quavering of Meavises, drintling of Turkeys, coniating of Storks, frantling of Peacocks, clattering of Magpies, murmuring of Stock-doves, crouing of Cormorants, cigling of Locusts, charming of Beagles, guarring of Puppies, snarling of Messens, rantling of Rats, guerieting of Apes,

snuttering of Monkeys, pioling of Pelicans, quecking of Ducks, yelling of Wolves, roaring of Lions, neighing of Horses, crying of Elephants, hissing of Serpents, and wailing of Turtles; that he was much more troubled, than if he had been in the middle of the Crowd at the Fair of Fontenoy or Niort.

And if Rabelais' catalogues of earthly things are the most wonderful in literature, shall we forget the vigour of his descriptions and their rude music? Where shall we find the noise and face-to-face fury of old-time battles described as in these words of Panurge:

When thou seeest the impetuous Shock of two Armies and vehement Violence of the Push in their horrid Encounter with one another; dost thou think that so horrible a noise as is heard there proceedeth from the Voice and Shouts of Men? The dashing and joulting of Harnish? The clattering and clashing of Armies? The hacking and slashing of Battle Axes? The justling and crashing of Pikes? The hustling and breaking of Lances? The clamour and Skrieks of the Wounded? The sound and din of Drums? The Clangour and Shrilness of Trumpets? The neighing and rushing in of Horses? With the fearful Claps and thundering of all sorts of Guns, from the Double Canon to the Pocket Pistol inclusively? I cannot, goodly, deny but that in these various things which I have rehearsed, there may be somewhat occasionative of the huge Yell and Tintamarre of the two engaged Bodies.

But the most fearful and tumultuous Coil and Stir, the terriblest and most boisterous Garboil and Hurry, the chiefest rustling Black Sanctus of all, the most principal Harly Burly, springeth from the grievously plangorous howling and lowing of Devils, who Pell-Mell, in a hand-over-head Confusion, waiting for the poor Souls of the maimed and hurt Soldiery, receive unawares some Strokes with Swords, and so by those means suffering a Solution of, and Division in the continuity of their Aerial and Invisible Substances: As if some Lackey, snatching at the Lardalices, stuck in a piece of Roast meat on a Spit, should get from Mr. Greazyist a good rap on the Knuckles with a Cldgel, they cry out and shout like Devils.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the miracle of Urquhart's translation and the lesser miracle of the translation of the fourth and fifth books by Peter le Motteux. It does remain for us, however, to acknowledge the beauty of the presentation which their superb versions receive at the hands of Mr. Nutt. In amplitude of page and nobility of type these volumes are a worthy setting of the humour, good sense, and essential human worth of Dr. Francis Rabelais.

### An Homeric History.

*A History of Norway.* By Hjalmar H. Boyesen. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

"HAS Norway a history?" The question was put in half-earnest by an intelligent Englishman. Tell it not to Grieg, publish it not to Ibsen, let the ear of Björnson be deaf to it! Yet what one has asked, many, it may be feared, would echo: therefore "The Story of the Nations" series is justified of this latest among its children, which is, in effect, a new edition of the Norse-American, Boyesen's, history of his ancestral land. Prof. Boyesen being dead, Mr. C. F. Keary has added a chapter on "The Recent History of Norway," bringing the work down to date. Prof. Boyesen explains that his contract bound him to neglect (comparatively) constitutional and social for active Norwegian history; so that this is mainly a history of the old kind, a chronicle of deeds—a feature which emphasises the native "blugginess" of Norwegian annals. He has followed closely the Norse *sagas*, without attempting a close criticism of their reliability in detail which would be futile. The reader can judge their embellishments for himself; and the hand of the *scaid* is obvious enough in such matters, without constant and intrusive emphasis of



the fact. Prof. Boyesen has had chiefly, therefore, to tell a story; and he has told it well, with much narrative skill, compressing without the dry-as-dust air which usually attends compression in hands less skilled. The story is an engrossing one. It is more like reading Homer than reading history—a barbaric Homer, *bien entendu*.

Norwegian history leaps fully armed upon the scene. About three generations bring us from the chiefs of a tribe to Harold Fair-Hair, who conquered all Norway sword in hand, introduced the feudal system which did not last, and the custom of parceling the land between all the children—legitimate and illegitimate—of a king, which unhappily did last, to the confusion of Norway and the introduction of an Eastern taste for fraternal slaughter among her rulers. Thenceforth the history of Norway presents a certain strong analogy to the history of Scotland. Denmark is her England, with whom she is at intermittent feud, who supports the continuous breed of pretenders that make the Norwegian throne a most uneasy seat, and to whom finally she is annexed, after the fashion of Scotland to England, by a dynastic union leading gradually to the predominance of her hereditary foe. Only in modern times has Norway gained a manner of independence—by her union on home-rule terms with Sweden.

The early history of Norway is a wonderful phantasmagoria of chiefs with fine double-barrelled Homeric surnames, golden helmets, cleaving axes, flashing brands, battles on stormy sea and frozen land, craft, ferocity, and untamable valour. But let this fascinating story tell itself in an episode or two. Here is one which shows that there was scant distinction between our Teuton ancestors and the Red Indians. The Jomsvikings of Jomsborg had sworn at a banquet to depose Earl Haakon, the *de facto* King of Norway (instigated thereto by the King of Denmark). They were taken prisoners after a terrible sea fight, in which one of them, Haavard the Hewer, emulated Widdrington at Chevy Chase; for after his feet were stricken off he fought upon his knees. They were seated upon a long log, their feet bound with ropes, and their champion, Vagn Aakesson, placed at one extremity of the log. Now Vagn at the banquet aforesaid had sworn to slay the Norwegian, Thorkell Leira. Therefore Earl Haakon's son, Erik, offered Thorkell the privilege of executing Vagn and his fellows. Thorkell joyously seized his axe, and that he might prolong Vagn's agony, kept him to the last, beginning at the other end of the log. He rushed along the row of prisoners, smiting off head after head. But Vagn sat chatting merrily with his men; they jested and laughed:

"We have often disputed," said one, "as to whether a man knows of anything when his head is off. That we can now test, for if I am conscious, after having lost my head, I will stick my knife into the earth." When his turn came, all sat watching with interest. But his knife fell from his nerveless grasp, and there was no trace of consciousness. One of the vikings on the log seemed particularly in excellent spirits. He laughed and sang as he saw the bloody heads of his comrades rolling about his feet. Earl Erik approached and asked him if he would like to live. "That depends," answered the viking, "upon who it is who offers me life." "He offers who has the power to do it," said the Earl—"Earl Erik himself." "Then I gladly accept," the viking replied. The next in order, as Thorkell walked up to him, made an equivocal pun, which, however, pleased Earl Erik so well that he set him free. Eighteen had now been beheaded, and two pardoned. The twenty-first was a very young man with long, beautiful hair, and a handsome countenance. As Thorkell paused before him he twisted his hair into a coil, and begged him not to soil it with his blood. Thorkell told one of the bystanders to take hold of the coil while he struck off his head. The man consented; but just as the axe was descending the viking pulled his hand violently back, and the obliging assistant had both his hands cut off. "Some of the Jomsvikings are alive yet," he cried, as he raised his head laughing. Earl Erik

asked him his name. "I am said to be a son of Bue," he answered. "Very likely is that," said the Earl; "do you wish to live?" "What other choice have I?" asked the young viking. When Thorkell saw that Earl Erik was in a forgiving mood, he grew very wroth. Fearing to be thwarted in his vengeance, he sprang past the rest, and rushed with his axe upon his enemy, Vagn. One of the men on the log, seeing his chief's danger, flung himself forward so that Thorkell stumbled over his body, and dropped his axe. Instantly Vagn was on his feet, seized the axe, and dealt Thorkell such a blow that the axe went through his neck, and the blade was buried in the earth. Thus Vagn was the only one of the Jomsvikings who accomplished what he had vowed. Earl Erik, full of admiration, had his bonds removed, and gave him his liberty. The other prisoners were also freed at the earl's command.

This shows the savage element in Norwegian history. As an example of the heroic element, take the last battle of Olaf Trygvesson, which Longfellow has celebrated in his "Saga of King Olaf." A most romantic figure, Olaf had fought in Russia; had married the sister of the King of the Wends and been widowed of her by the time he was twenty-one; had been in Constantinople, and married the sister of the Irish King by the time he was twenty-five; and, finally, become King of Norway. After a brilliant reign, in which he reduced the greater part of Norway to Christianity by fair force of arms, his queen, Thyra, incited him to rescue certain estates due to her from the Wends and from Denmark. With a large fleet he sailed to Wendland, and amicably recovered Thyra's estates there. Meanwhile, a formidable combination was formed against him. In Denmark was Earl Erik (mentioned in our former story), who claimed the Norwegian throne, with a band of Norwegian exiles. By the persuasion of Queen Sigrid of Sweden, whom Olaf had insulted, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and the Norwegian exiles leagued against him. The united fleets lay in wait for him in a narrow strait behind the little island of Svolder, and a traitor was found to lure King Olaf into the trap. His fleet was suffered to pass by; and when Olaf himself with but eleven ships came up, the three fleets sallied out upon him, covering the sea with their ships. Olaf's men urged him to decline battle, but he refused. He bound his eleven ships together, met the Danish fleet, and beat it back. On the deck of his ship, the *Long Serpent*, he stood with gilded shield and helmet, over his armour a scarlet tunic of silk, and discharged spears and arrows at the enemy. The Swedish fleet advanced, and enabled the Danish fleet to re-form for renewed battle. A fresh and furious fight began; but again the brave eleven sent Swede and Dane backward in disorder. Then Earl Erik, with rebel Norway, bore down on the right wing, giving Sweden and Denmark space to rally. Surrounded by three fleets, the gallant Olaf was at last overwhelmed. One by one his ships were taken, and Earl Erik rammed the *Long Serpent* amidships. The brave ship stood fast. Einar Thambarskelver, the best archer in Norway, a lad of eighteen, bent the bow "that none but he could wield," and whizzed an arrow over Earl Erik's head. The next sped between the earl's arm and body. Erik bade his own archer return the shot. Just as young Einar was aiming a third time, the shaft caught him, took his bow in the middle, and it burst with a loud crash:

"What was it that broke?" asked Olaf "Norway from thy hands, my king," cried Einar. "So great was not the breach, I hope," the king made answer; "take my bow and shoot with that." He flung his own bow to the archer, who seized it, bent it double, and flung it back. "Too weak is the king's bow," he said. King Olaf flung forth his spears, two at a time, from his station on the poop, and many men were transfixed. He watched the combat on the forward deck, and it seemed to him that his men made no headway. "Do you wield your swords with so little strength," he said, "since they bite so

poorly?" "No," answered a warrior, "but our swords are dull and broken." The king hastened to the forward deck, where there was a large chest of arms. He opened it and took out handfuls of bright, sharp swords, which he flung to his men. As he stooped down, the blood trickled down over his hands from under his armour. The arrows hailed thick and fast about him, and it was obvious he could not hold out much longer. One of his trusted men, Kolbjörn Stallare, sprang upon the poop by his side. His resemblance to the king had often been remarked; he was of the same height, and similarly dressed. The storm of missiles was now directed against both, and as they raised their shields they were thickly fringed with arrows. The king let his shield drop, and looked over the ship. There were but eight men alive, besides himself and Kolbjörn. He raised the shield above head and leaped overboard. Kolbjörn followed his example, but was picked up by the earl's men, who mistook him for the king.

So, with the blood of his last battle on him, Olaf sank under the cleansing waves. Another grimly dramatic scene is the death of his predecessor, Earl Haakon (who figured in our first extract). Flying with a thrall from his revolted subjects, who had rallied to King Olaf Tryggvesson (the hero of the sea-fight just described), the two took refuge in a ditch, underneath the pigstye of Haakon's mistress, Thora of Rimul. King's mistresses who kept pigstyes! Olaf, mounting a stone by the pigstye, proclaimed a large reward for whosoever should slay Haakon. Haakon saw that the thrall, Kark, was eagerly listening:

"Why art thou now so pale," asked the earl, "and now again as black as earth? Is it not because thou wilt betray me?" "No," replied Kark. "We were both born in the same night," said the earl, after a pause, "and our deaths will not be far apart." They sat for a long time in shuddering silence, each distrusting the other. At last Kark slept; but he tossed and mumbled excitedly in his sleep. The earl awakened him, and asked what he had been dreaming. "I dreamed," answered Kark, "that we were both on board the same ship, and that I stood at the helm." "That must mean that thou rulest over thine own life as well as mine. Be therefore faithful to me, Kark, and I will reward thee." Once more the thrall slept, and laboured as in nightmare. Haakon awakened him again, and asked him to relate his dream. "I thought I was at Hlade," said Kark, "and Olaf Tryggvesson put a golden ring round my neck." "The meaning of that," cried Haakon, "is that Olaf Tryggvesson will put a red ring round thy neck, if thou goest to seek him. Therefore beware of him, Kark, and be faithful to me." The night dragged slowly along, and each sat staring at the other with rigid, sleepy eyes, which yet they dared not close. Towards morning, however, the earl fell backward, and sleep overpowered him. But the terrors of his vigil pursued him sleeping. His soul seemed to be tossed on a sea of anguish. He screamed in wild distress, rolled about, rose upon his knees and elbows, and his face was terrible to behold. Then Kark sprang up, seized his knife, and thrust it into his master's throat. Olaf verified the murdered man's prophecy. He put not a ring of gold, but a ring of blood about the traitor's neck.

Imagination has obviously been used on this. But it, and our other quotations, show what a splendid feast of incident is to be found in this most romantic of histories.

### Plato as Educationist.

*The Education of the Young in the Republic of Plato.* Translated by Bernard Bosanquet. (Cambridge Press.)

A CAREFUL estimate of Plato's contribution to the theory of education leaves little room for complacency at the progress made in twenty-three centuries; and this albeit Plato's ideal was in many points reactionary, static, and exclusive: indeed, if we take out the dramatic setting, the humour, the irony from the dialogue, and think only

of its matter, much that is mechanical in modern teaching can look back to the Republic as its prototype and warrant. It belongs to the curiosities of literature that ideal commonwealths catch very little of the colour, mobility, and dynamic of life and passion; they are monotints, impressions of life focussed to a single idea. In "Utopia," "New Atlantis," and "News from Nowhere," life is caught half-tranced. Everything moves in these ideal worlds as a phantom; everything there "Softer falls than petals from blown roses"; in these dreamlands of recessional quietness content is begotten; innovating forces are unknown; fatigue, bereavement, war, factions never disturb the halcyon calm of their dream-children. "So they will feast they and their children, drinking of their wine, garlanded and singing praises of the gods, living pleasantly together, not begetting children beyond their means, dreading poverty or war." In such lands how soon should we find intolerable "the pure severity of its perfect light"; how soon should we lose all power of volition and initiation!

What makes Plato by far the greatest writer of this kind of literature is that his Republic mirrors much of the "real" Greece of his own time. He does not shirk the difficulty of inter-communal life by eliminating all the communes but one, and giving to it, for a perpetual possession, a fertile land abounding in delicious fruits. He sees very plainly that territorial expansion, fluctuations in population, and incessant internal strifes would speedily wreck his Republic, unless it is fortified against its enemies by a vigorous military class, and against the brutalising tendency of militarism—so well seen in Sparta—by the study and practice of plastic art, literature, and music. "The mere athlete," says Plato, "becomes a hater of thinking . . . and gives up making use of persuasion by means of reasoning, but carries through everything by violence and savageness like a brute, and lives in a state of unintelligence and plundering, full of inharmoniousness and ungraciousness." Accordingly, when Plato has to plan an "ideal" scheme of education for the young, he can find none better "than that which the ages have discovered . . . gymnastic for the body and music for the mind." In explaining how these subjects are to be taught he occasionally slips the noose of reality, and sets out on the high *a priori* road. One such escapade is his insisting that all who have the care of the young should be compelled to eliminate from the nursery tales from Homer and the tragic poets references to gods and heroes as being at all like to erring and tempted mortals. This was in the interest of religion: the gods and heroes being perfect, the poets were simply corrupting the minds of youth by such suggestions. It is strange that Plato, the idealist *par excellence*, should have had so little faith in a child's natural healthiness to reject what was unwholesome in his reading. The prudery which would excise "And unquenchable laughter arose among the blessed gods when they saw Hephaestus bustling through the banquet hall," or "O heavy with wine, dog-faced, with the heart of a deer," and other innocuous lines, can only be paralleled by our modern irreligion which suffers the schoolboy to find myth in the Greek scriptures, but none in the Judaic or Christian. Anyway, such a rule could not but tend to debase the religious sense, which Plato meant it to foster; for there is little doubt that the myth-making faculty which the separateness of the city-states had kept active had saved the Greeks from the *rigor mortis* in spiritual things which often accompanies the ritual of a single cult. What is still more surprising, however, is that neither Plato nor, later, Aristotle could even conceive the possibility of a State existing except on slavery. Slaves, aliens, and poorer free citizens (whose absorption into the permanently depressed class was continually going on) had no honourable function assigned to them, either in the "Republic" or the "Politics." Contempt for the slave passes into contempt for manual



labour; and the politician, Plato believed, would be the better servant of the State the completer his alienation from the disenfranchised class. "Well, then," I asked, "are they to imitate men working at the forge or at other artisan's work, or rowing galleys, or giving time to the rowers or anything else of the kind?" "Why, how can they," he replied, "when they will not be allowed even to let their attention dwell on any of these things?" Plato's repeated assertion that men are born diversely endowed goes ill with his assumption that no artisan's son would ever be able to assimilate all that Greek life and learning had to offer, and so become by right of his own gifts a member of the controlling classes. With Plato, as with us until quite recently, education was the appanage of the well-born.

But where Plato shoots ahead of modern systems is in his recognition of the importance of surrounding the child with beautiful things, so that he will come to "approve all that is beautiful, and, enjoying it and absorbing it into his soul, will grow up in the strength of it, and become a good and noble man." For the following passage, taken in connection with another not here quoted, the editor claims that it is "the high-water mark of Plato's theory of fine art," and quotes Nettleship's saying that it contains the pith of what is to be said on the subject. We think this praise much too high, although had Plato reached the same height on the "intellectual" side of education his ideal would have been stupendous indeed:

Are we, then, to regulate the poets only, compelling them to create in their poems the image of the noble character, on pain of not making poetry among us, or shall we also regulate the other craftsmen and put a stop to their embodying the character which is ill-disposed and intemperate and illiberal and improper, either in their pictures or in their buildings or in any other productions of craftsmanship, on pain of being debarred from working among us if they cannot obey; that our guardians may not from being nurtured among images of badness, as though in a poisonous pasture, gathering in the course of every day, little by little, many things to feed upon from many surroundings, collect before they know it a single huge evil within their soul? Shall we not rather seek out those craftsmen who are able, by a happy gift, to follow in its footsteps the nature of the graceful and beautiful; that as if living in a healthy region the young men may be the better for it all, from whichever of the beautiful works a something may strike upon their seeing or their hearing, like a breeze bearing health from wholesome places; bringing them unconsciously from early childhood both to likeness and to friendship or harmony with the law of beauty?

Mr. Bosanquet's notes are exegetical rather than critical; read with the summaries and the introduction, the student will find it difficult to miss Plato's meaning. As far as possible the text is explained by the text, and always is the editor careful to point out how the connotation of important words like "music" increases as the argument progresses. If there is a fault in the way in which the commentary has been written, it is the studied carefulness with which the editor avoids using the original word even when the gain in so doing is obvious. It does not follow because a student is ignorant of Greek that his ignorance is total, extending even to Greek roots and the forms of the letters.

### Dr. Hastings's Biblical Dictionary.

*A Dictionary of the Bible.* Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Vol. III.: Kir-Pleiades. (T. & T. Clark.)

THE present volume of this Dictionary, though, perhaps, not so interesting as its predecessors, well maintains the note of excellence struck in the first; and we are glad to see that the editor has again managed to avail himself almost exclusively of English and American talent, the long list

of contributors containing only four foreign names. A good plate of coins and the customary map of St. Paul's travels—which seem to have a most unaccountable attraction for Biblical students—make up the sum of the full-page illustrations. The woodcuts in the text, though still very sparsely scattered, are probably sufficient. In this, as in all such publications, it is very difficult to discover the principle that governs their insertion. A woodcut of a phylactery might be well bestowed, as enabling the reader to know one when he saw it; but who is likely to be any the better for the common Roman forms given as illustrations to the article on Lamps?

To take first the perennially interesting subject of magic, Mr. Owen Whitehouse (Cheshunt College) comes pretty near the truth when he defines magic as "the special and abnormal agency, whether through words or acts, whereby certain superhuman personal powers are constrained either to create evil (or good) or to avert baleful effects." As has been often enough said in these columns, magic is the attempt to compel the obedience to man of spiritual powers, and we still prefer this definition to the somewhat obscure and pedantic sentence given above. This apart, Mr. Whitehouse's article may be pronounced adequate, and his account of magic in Egypt and Babylonia is just what is required to make a student of the Bible understand the manner in which the subject is there referred to. In the Egyptian part of it, the magic Papyrus of Chubas and the Westcar Papyrus might have been quoted, as well as the Papyrus Ebers; but as we are referred to Prof. Wiedemann's *Religion der alten Ägypter* for further information, it may well be that Mr. Whitehouse has not studied the difficult subject of Egyptian magic at first hand. On Babylonian magic he is much more detailed; but we should like his authority for the statement that the name of the god Ea was "awful, ineffable, and disguised in ciphers." The ineffability of the name of Ea did not go very far, for that name appears on most tablets of spells quite as freely as that of Merodach, who is there generally represented as his interlocutor; nor was Ea more frequently referred to by his "number" than other Babylonian gods. In that, as in other matters, it is difficult for one who has not made of the subject a special study to get away from the influence on his ideas of the mediæval Cabala. We wish, too, that in the answer to his final question—Will magic ever die?—Mr. Whitehouse had laid more stress on the fact that as the laws of nature become more and more known, the area in which the belief in magic can operate becomes correspondingly restricted. But, on the whole, the article is meritorious.

The article "Maranatha," again, is a model of what such a one should be. As the word can be construed in Syriac "The Lord is at hand," it is difficult at first sight to see how it can have been tacked on by St. Paul to the other word "Anathema," so as to form a sort of curse. Such is the kind of problem in which a Biblical dictionary is useful, and Mr. Thayer (Harvard) here solves it satisfactorily. After going through all the different readings proposed, and showing what is to be said for or against them, he leans to that which would interpret it as an ejaculation—"Our Lord come!" and suggests that it is perhaps "a fragment of some confession, creed, or hymn." Both as likely in itself, and as avoiding the alternative conclusion that the writers of the New Testament in the passage referred to were using words the meaning whereof they were ignorant, this is a happy rendering.

The doctrinal matters which are apt to become pitfalls for unwary writers are still treated with much impartiality. The very difficult article on "The Lord's Supper" is entrusted to Mr. Plummer (Durham). He assumes that the account of its institution given by St. Paul was "written earlier" than those of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and treats the description in 1 Cor. xi. 23—which gives, by the way, the consecrating words as "This cup is the

New Testament in my blood"—as the "primary" one. The result of this is, as he says, that "the divine injunction to the Church to continue the Eucharistic celebration in memory of its Founder rests solely on the testimony of St. Paul"—a conclusion which might not meet with approval in certain quarters. For the rest, he points out that the words of St. Paul should really be read "The bread which we break is fellowship with [*κοινωνία*] the body of Christ," but that those who insist on the "is" meaning actual identity must find great difficulty when they apply the same interpretation to the cup. We do not pretend to say whether he is right or not, but it certainly seems to us a moderate and healing exposition of doctrine. The same praise may be bestowed on Mr. Adams Brown's (New York) careful article on the "Parousia," or Second Advent, in which he suggests that the references to it in the New Testament refer to it as "a dispensation rather than as a single event, beginning with the spiritual advent of the risen Jesus, and continuing on through all the intermediate experiences of the Church until that 'Last Day' when the work of salvation shall be fully accomplished."

The trail of the Higher Criticism is, of course, still over the Dictionary, though not so much so as with some of its rivals. Mr. Chase (Cambridge) begins his article on "Mark (John)" by assuming "the identity of the John Mark of the Acts with the Mark of the Pauline Epistles and the Evangelist"—a theory which, when first started by Renan, aroused the scorn of the orthodox; but he does not think there is any reason for supposing that St. Peter, whose interpreter Mark was said to be, could not speak Greek, and he evidently thinks the silence of Clement and Origen disposes of the legend that Mark introduced Christianity into Egypt. We are also glad to see that Mr. Cowan (Aberdeen), in his article on "Nero," leans to the theory that the "Number of the Beast" really indicates that Emperor; while Dr. Stanton (Cambridge), in an excellent article on the "New Testament Canon," accepts the theory that the John whom Papias knew was the Elder, and not the beloved disciple. A long article by Dr. Bernard (Dublin) on "Miracle" may be commended as a gallant attempt to defend a position which seems to grow weaker every day.

## Other New Books.

A TUTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY A. J. WYATT.

This little book is exactly what it professes to be—and more could not be said for it—a tutorial history of English literature. It is just what is wanted for a school handbook. Its scheme is clear, proportional, and scientific; it avoids jejune fulness by touching chiefly on the prominent writers, while at the same time it gives a good view of the growth no less than the sequence of English literature. Mr. Wyatt follows in his criticism accredited authorities, and judiciously quotes them where it would be difficult to supply language more able and perspicuous. His book supplies the most modern information and, for the most part, modern views.

Yet the author does not escape all the defects incident to academic compilations—such as the perilous safety of subservience to traditional judgment. Less than justice is done to Donne and the "metaphysical school," for this is traditional; more than justice to Cowper, for example, for this, also, is traditional. On at least one point (not noticed by Mr. Wyatt) it has become seasonable the Cowper tradition should be impugned. It is assumed that his best verse errs by an inflexible simplicity, which ignores the impossibility of certain themes for poetry. In truth, it slips by the very opposite. His native instinct introduces,

unafraid, an "unpoetical" topic; but, instead of dauntlessly trusting his intellect, he baulks at the last moment, and refuses the fence: he tries to "elevate the theme" (as it was called) by some rag of Papistical finery ("Papistical," from Pope; see dictionary). The trick, in place of raising the passage, prosaifies it; emphasising, by the glaring contrast of the stilted phrase, the homeliness of the theme. Thus, in the tender poem, "To Mary":

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
For my sake restless heretofore,  
Now rust disused, and shine no more,  
My Mary!

The passage is made prosaic, not by the mention of knitting-needles, but by the "funk" which swerved aside to baptize them with that conventional piece of "elevated diction"—"a shining store." Again:

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

That final spangle from the Papistical store makes the whole stanza mean by the contrast of its tinsel glitter.

But ah! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smile to looks of woe,  
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,  
My Mary!

In this tender and true finish there is just one phrase which rings false; and it is the conventional sample of "poetic diction"—"looks of woe." Of course, we are not attacking poetic diction, but the artificial substitute for it. It is this which sometimes mars Cowper's best—not a too resolute simplicity. For that fault we must go to Wordsworth, and "poor Harry Gill," and poor Harry Gill's poor teeth, which (like his poet)—

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

(W. B. Clive.)

NORFOLK.

BY WILLIAM A. DUTT.

A writer may be forgiven any enthusiasm for his native county; nay, he should rather be encouraged in that pleasant loyalty, and be allowed to magnify his home earth to the utmost limits of his conscience. All we ask of him is that he should not play the showman too conspicuously, and Mr. Dutt seldom commits the showman's offence. His book is, indeed, as near a model guide as may be; the itineraries are ample and well arranged, the maps good, and he discourses pleasantly by the way of matters interesting to more than the mere tourist. With this volume in his pocket a man might go through Norfolk dumb and never lose his way.

When Norfolk made up its mind to exploit itself the thing was done, and now, as Mr. Dutt says, "there is no county in England where the comforts and convenience of tourists . . . are more considered and better attended to." Poppyland has now no secrets, its broads and rivers are somnolent waterways for the amateur wherryman, and Cromer almost spells fashion. If the spirits of Sir Thomas Browne and George Borrow, of "old Crome" and John Sell Cotman, could foregather at the "Maid's Head" in Norwich, or up on Mousehold Heath, they would have startling views to exchange on this development. We recall that fine passage in *Lavengro* addressed by Borrow to the elder brother who afterwards died abroad:

Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive 'midst groanings and despondency till thou hast attained excellence even as he has done—the little dark man with the brown coat and the top-boots, whose name will one day be considered the chief ornament of the



old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank among the proudest pictures of England—and England against the world!—thy master, my brother, thy, at present, all too little considered master—Crome.

Crome's day came long ago; Cotman's too.

It is impossible to find excuse for the piece of vandalism which removed Sir Thomas Browne's skull from his place of sepulture in St. Peter Mancroft to a shelf in the Museum of the Norfolk Hospital. Such noble ashes might have been left undisturbed. Yet, perhaps, he himself would have seen in it a pointed comment on his observations of the bone-filled urns dug up "in a field of old Walsingham," which gave us the *Hydriotaphia* and its imperishable prose.

The chapters devoted to the natural history and sport of the county are each by different and competent hands. The only English specimen of the blue thrush was seen in Norfolk; and the great crested grebe, thanks to recent careful preservation, is gradually increasing in numbers. It would be wise, in a county so adapted for varieties of bird-life, to make the preservation regulations even more strict than they are. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

SUTTON-IN-HOLDERNESS.

By THOMAS BLASHILL.

This book makes a valuable addition to the histories of place. It is a most comprehensive monograph, full of that carefully accumulated and accurate detail which only loving labour and the true instinct for topography can gather together. Mr. Blashill was fortunate in having access to many private sources of information; he has packed his work with the minutiae of his subject, yet his detail never obscures. The history of Sutton is traced from the Conqueror's Survey, completed in 1086, when the lordship of Holderness was in the hands of Drogo de Brevere, to the opening of the Hull and Hornsea Railway in 1864. The chapters devoted to the parish during the period, extending to ten generations, when the De Suttons were Lords of the Manor, give a delightfully human picture of the Middle Ages. One sees the Cistercian Monks of Meaux, with whom the De Suttons were at frequent feud, driving their lean sheep to pasture under the jealous eyes of the Lords of the Manor, always on the watch to find means to oust the holy brethren from their rights of pasturage.

The presentation of the village community in these pages, the relations between lords and overlords, vassals and freemen, are particularly clear and succinct. Mr. Blashill's method, although accurate and scientific, is also human; he sees the colour of character. The notes on the Fishery Feasts—held annually, up to 1766, on Midsummer Eve—should be of exceptional interest to those who look for favour in reconstructing the past. The oldest record of such a feast possessed by the Corporation of Hull is dated June 22, 1695. Among the entries is one for "3 Cool Tankerds," at a cost of eight shillings. One would like to know the capacity of the tankards, and what they contained. (Elliot Stock. 6s.)

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS. By MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.

This is one of those perfunctory pieces of book-making which the South African War has produced in such bewildering numbers. All we can say for it is that it contains a certain number of facts and eight illustrations; but as there is no index its value for reference purposes is much reduced. (Fisher Unwin.)

FREDERICK, LORD LEIGHTON.

By ERNEST RHYS.

A new and cheaper edition, in crown octavo, of the work first published in 1895. The volume contains eighty reproductions, two being in photogravure, from Lord Leighton's pictures, and a chapter has been added on No. 2, Holland Park-road, by Mr. Pepys Cockerell. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

## Fiction.

Senator North. By Gertrude Atherton.  
(John Lane. 6s.)

THIS book deserves a warm welcome. In the present age, an age in which the novel has practically ousted every other literary form, a responsibility rests on those novelists who have ignored the great social questions in order to produce endless and futile fantasias upon a theme which they call love, but which is nearer sentimentality. "The way of a man with a maid" is interesting—up to a point; but the complex and enormous psychology of a social organism is surely more interesting. If the novel exists so luxuriantly as to make existence impossible for other "forms," then it is the duty of the novel to fulfil the functions of those "forms" which it has crushed out of life. How many novelists recognise this? How many novelists of indubitable talent trouble themselves about those questions which continually disturb the minds of thinking persons? The attitude of our novelists in general may be compared roughly to the attitude of a newspaper which, on the day after a party-splitting event, emerges shamefully from a difficulty by printing a leader about the weather or the latest divorce case. We would not forbid love to our amiable romancers; but love, like art, is only a part of life—and a small part. "What, would you encourage novels with a purpose?" Certainly. But by novels with a purpose we do not mean novels with a fad. The finest of Balzac's work, the finest of Turgenev's—witness *Le Médecin de Campagne* and *On the Eve*—bears but little on love. These men dealt with nations. Yet such is the condition of modern taste that if an author issued a book like *Le Médecin de Campagne* to-day he would probably be accused of having omitted from his book the human interest and the plot!

Mrs. Atherton has essayed to produce a picture of political life in the United States, so far as it touches the Senate; and she has succeeded admirably. All her books have had sincerity and force; but, until this one, none of them has had a consistent dignity. *Senator North* is a grave and dignified work. It discloses knowledge, thought, and imagination. It has shape and homogeneity. Mrs. Atherton is a publicist. She is afraid of nothing, least of all of the big things. At the period of which she treats there were four questions prominent in America: the Cuban question, free silver, political corruption, and the negro problem. She deals with them imperturbably. She has woven them into the very stuff of her novel. We say that this is fine.

The book is not without its share of the indispensable "tender passion." And a terrible "human interest" centres in the figure of Harriet Walker, offspring of a Southern white and an octoroon, that tragic creature who looked like a white literally "to her finger-nails," and who yet was destined to the most frightful form of ostracism:

"My dear," he said, "that poor creature was doomed the moment she entered the world. No amount of sympathy, no amount of help that you or I could give her would alter her fate one jot. For all the women of that accursed cross of black and white there is absolutely no hope—so long as they live in this country, at all events. They almost invariably have intelligence. If they marry negroes they are humiliated. If they pin their faith to the white man, they become outcasts among the respectable Blacks by their own act, as the act of others has made them outcasts among the Whites. Their one compensation is the inordinate conceit which most of them possess. Do not think I am heartless. I have thought long and deeply on the subject. But no legislation can reach them, and the American character will have to be born again before there is any change in the social law. It is one of those terrible facts of life that rise isolated above the so-called problems. . . ."

*Senator North* fails only at the conclusion; and this is a

pity, since it might have failed anywhere else with less consequence. The end is ineffective; it lacks the imaginative force of the rest of the book. Moreover, the introduction of Hamilton's ghost is one of those hopelessly absurd *faux pas* which Mrs. Atherton seems destined to make in every book. Nevertheless, *Senator North* is a distinguished and large work.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CUNNING MURRELL.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Not London this time, but Essex—Essex before “the speculative builder had dreamed of Leigh, and when Hadleigh was still the Hadleigh of another century.” The lighting up of Essex in the last half century would be a strange chapter in modern life; and Mr. Morrison's book is a surprising picture of the county in 1854. Ten years after that date, Mr. Morrison tells us, a man was swum for a witch in Essex, and died of it. Not the least surprise of the book is Cunning Murrell himself, an Essex fakir. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE ISLE OF UNREST.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

A new novel by the author of *The Sowers* will be an event to many. The “isle of unrest” is Corsica, and a dead man lying on his face in the “Place” of Olmeta-di-Tuda is the first Corsican sight that salutes us—Corsican “dirty work.” “Someone, it was understood, had gone to tell the gendarmes down at St. Florent. There was no need to send and tell his wife—half a dozen women were racing through the olive groves to get the first taste of that.” The book is full of clearest cut incident, and the Franco-German War has an important bearing on the story. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

JEZEBEL.

BY RICHARD PRYCE.

Mr. Pryce's forte is minute description, and we think that no reader will be indifferent to the opening scene—a baptism—of this story. All the rustics were assembled to see Lord and Lady Dormorol's child christened. At the font: “It became manifest to all who were near enough to see and to hear what was passing that Lady Dormorol, with the pale face and the trembling feather, had been told by her autocratic husband that at the proper time he would intimate to her the name or the names he had chosen, and it was thus by pre-arrangement that he now held out to her the slip of paper . . . ‘No, Edward, no,’ she whispered . . . Something like horror and more than dismay seized the clergyman . . . ‘Jezebel, I baptize thee in the name . . .’ ‘Amen,’ said Lord Dormorol.” This is the story of Jezebel. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MOTHER-SISTER.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

The mean streets forsaken, temporarily perhaps, by Mr. Morrison are the scene of Mr. Pugh's new story. “The Hole” is a slum in the north-west of London, and we are at once in the midst of squalors, amours, whisky, and street-fights. Mother-Sister is “Maddie”—or Madeline Annabel—the second child of the fearsome Dan Marmory, of The Hole. “She sat with her younger sister, Githa, in a little front room . . . whilst her father dodged the constables in the alleys round about, and other constables, attended by an idle, curious crowd, carried McCanty away on a stretcher to the hospital.” (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S BLACKMAIL.

BY LUCAS CLEEVE.

This story, by the author of *The Monks of the Holy Tear*, is a rollicking satire on the methods and sufferings of social parvenus. “There is a settled routine which the

*nouveau riche* must follow, if he falls into the hands of the dwellers of the West-end of London. It begins with taking concert tickets . . .” After going through this routine, which advances by easy stages to Parliament, a racing stud, and a country house with traditions, he may at last be able to go about in an omnibus. With a good deal of wit and exaggeration, the author traces the career of Lucas White, millionaire, for whom she engages the reader's sympathy in his ambitions, his services to impecunious peers, and the thunder-clap which threatens his ruin. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE IMAGE BREAKERS.

BY GERTRUDE DIX.

In this story by the author of *The Girl from the Farm* we revel in modernities. Anarchism, socialism, the new woman, the revision of marriage—these are the woof of the story. At the British Museum: “In the temple of this great Bible, in the shrine of the winged bulls, dreaming in the gloom of the northern city of the great Assyrian light, the girl who had come in for shelter stood crushed with the sense of unavailing weakness before their arrogant and stable might.” (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

“When a man gets to seven-and-twenty wi'oot loving a woman, Alison, he gives the woman, when he does meet her, a love that lasts.” . . . She sat down on his wretched little horsehair sofa, and let her hand rest on the shoulder of the man who . . . was going to make up to her for all the misery . . . in her luckless mock-marriage.” On this theme Miss Warden's experienced pen embroiders an interesting story. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

A SELF-MADE COUNTESS.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

This is a story of matchmaking and social pushfulness. Its character is indicated in the author's chapter headings or maxims, such as: “The fate of young girls is often more a matter of skill than luck”; “The clever ones always play a waiting game”; “One of the greatest blessings in the world, the social world, is the feeling of being used to it,” and so on. (F. V. White. 6s.)

BROTHERS OF THE CHAIN.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

The Hotel Cecil is taking its place in fiction. Cabs are beginning to “swing out of the Strand into the courtyard of the Cecil” as one of the inevitabilities of financial melodrama. Thus the characters in this story of a criminal brotherhood meet at the Cecil in Chapter VIII. for lunch, and there the villains are unmasked at dinner in Chapter XXX. Seas and sea-fights resound between these meals, and cigars are lighted, and messages in the Pinkerton code flash round the world. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE PRINCESS OF  
COPPER.

BY ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER.

A vigorous Mormon-elder-Grand-Canon-wood-pile-and-camp-fire-gin-rickie, and mining-engineer yarn, with excursions into New York vice and fashion, with such chapter headings as: “Oh, You Villain!” “The Philosophy of Kisses,” “The Wonderful Eyes of Mr. Markie Simons,” “High Jinks at the Utopia.” (J. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE SILVER DOVE.

BY A. C. INCHBOLD.

The title is taken from these lines in *The Diary of an Old Soul*:

. . . Making love,  
That perfects strength, divine in weakness' fire,  
And from the broken pots calls out the silver dove.

The broken pots are the work of a club-haunting husband; the story of his misdeeds and salvation is closely written, and compactly laid in Hampstead and Kensington. (Hutchinson. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## One of Us.

A DELIGHTFUL piece of autobiography is the chapter of "Details in My Daily Life," contributed to the new *Monthly Magazine* by Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan. Indeed, the naïveté of this self-revelation is almost too much for us. If the blue cover of the *Monthly Magazine*, with its head of Pallas Athene, were not so austere, if the traditions of Albemarle-street were not so grave and circumspect, and if anything in the way of personal memoirs could easily surprise us, we should be tempted to suppose that Mr. W. S. Gilbert had been collecting material for a new Bab Ballad, and that his notes had gone gloriously astray. As it is, we must accept these lively self-revelations as the *ipsissima verba* of His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan, and congratulate Mr. Henry Newbolt on his enterprise.

The Amir assures us that his life is quite a contrast to the lives of other Asiatic monarchs—a statement, which we are bound to say, he makes good. For the Amir has an Occidental hunger for work. So confirmed is his industry that even sickness, which turns the best of us into loafers, does not stay his activity:

When I cannot move from my bed I still keep on working at reading and writing documents and various Government papers . . . Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to give orders to those about me, and tell them what I wish to be done.

With the Amir work often means hard thinking about the welfare of his country. Often his meals wait on the table for hours until His Majesty has done thinking. Not only does his dinner get cold, but such is the depth of these Socratic reveries that when he emerges from one of them His Majesty will often ask: "Did I eat my dinner to-day, or not?"—which, if he did, is a wonderful witness to the excellence of His Majesty's digestion.

So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning various improvements and considering State affairs that I do not see any of the people who are in my presence. Many nights I begin reading, and writing answers to letters, and do not raise my head until I see that the night is past and the morning has come. My doctors and hakims tell me that this never-ceasing activity is the cause of all my illnesses, that I work too hard, and do not take my meals regularly at fixed times. My answer is: "Love and Logic have never agreed together."

In his devotion to his work and to his people the Amir compares himself to a lover whose pains are his luxuries, and his difficulties a spur to fresh exertions. To Oriental repose—nay, to common sleep—the Amir seems to be nearly a stranger. It is true that His Majesty offers us a distinct choice of statements under this head. He goes to bed at five in the morning, and—

The whole time I am in bed my sleep is disturbed in such a way that I awake nearly every hour, and keep on thinking about the improvements and anxieties of my country; then I go to sleep again, and so on. I get up between two and three in the afternoon, and the first thing I do is to see the doctors and hakims, who examine me to see if I require any medicine.

That is a distressing state of things, and it is pleasant to know that it co-exists—the East is the home of paradox—with another of a more cheerful kind:

I do not go to sleep directly I lie down in bed, but the person who is specially appointed as my reader sits down beside my bed and reads to me from some book, as, for instance, histories of different countries and peoples; books on geography, biographies of great kings and reformers, and political works. I listen to this reading until I go to sleep, when a story-teller takes his place, repeating his narratives until I awake in the morning. This is very soothing, as the constant murmur of the story-teller's voice lulls my tired nerves and brain.

On rising, and after breakfast, the Amir begins work. Each of his officers is impatient to put his business before him. He is beset with secretaries, ushers, pages, and detectives. Members of the public also may enter his presence. The humblest water-carrier or fruit-seller is allowed, nay, entreated, to present himself. The etiquette of petitions is simple:

Any person can put his claims before me in the following way: He comes to the door and reports that he wishes to see me, and is invited to come in and tell me himself, or to put his grievance in writing and put it to the Nazir, his assistant, or to one of my Court Secretaries, or even into the Post-office. He must write on the cover: "Not to be opened by any one except the Amir." I open such letters myself, and, if necessary, I also write the answer with my own hand, and forward it to the petitioner by the same means by which it came to me. If he do not succeed in getting his letter put before me from any of these sources, there are my spies and detectives, both public and private, who are severely punished if the case is not reported to me. In fact, it is the belief in Afghanistan that every individual possesses a signature of mine, and in every house there is a detective. This is an exaggeration, I think!

It is not to be supposed that the Amir never takes recreation. On the contrary, he so far unbends as to pay two or three visits a year to his wives and family. In more youthful, less strenuous, years he saw them as often as twice a week, but he now realises that Allah did not create him "to spend my time in personal enjoyments and self-indulgence." Still, his wives venture into his presence on their own initiative ten or twelve times a year for a few hours. His youngest sons and grandsons, too, will peep in on his labours, about twice a week for a few minutes, and, finding him busy, will wrestle with each other while he wrestles with an affair of State.

It must be confessed, too, that the Amir reports well of his houses, his furniture, and his domestic arrangements generally. Persian and Herat carpets, nightingales and other singing birds, pianos, pictures, and flowers enliven the rooms of residences which suggest solid suburban comfort. Each palace is so built that it is equally adapted to summer and winter.

The rooms are so arranged that the spring blossoms may be watched as they break from the trees, and the gorgeous yellow hues of the autumn, and the dazzling falls of the winter snow and the moonlight nights are enjoyed by all the inmates of my palaces who take the trouble to sit at these windows. As a rule, I spend my summer, spring, and autumn outside the town, living for weeks in tents pitched in these positions where all the beautiful blossoms can be seen, glowing sunsets, and the yellow autumn tints.

The list of servants, too—the paish khitmat, the maiwahdur, the chanbadur, the sakab, the numerous ghulam bachaha, the Farashas, and the alma bashi, &c.—helps us to conceive of the Amir as having a most comfortable home. Moreover, there are professional chess-players and musicians to be seen and heard. "The best pianos, guitars, violins, bagpipes, and other musical instruments are always to be found in my palaces." They may be found also in Brixton. The Amir can play the

violin and the rubab. The rubab, we are startled to learn, is "something like a banjo." This instrument is doubtless his Majesty's inspiration when he is worried about "the everlasting forward policy of my neighbours," one of whom, it is well known, moves forward to a banjo accompaniment. How to "run the race with the swiftest" is the Amir's daylong thought, and at night "my dreams are just the same." Sometimes he is tempted, so to speak, to leave his people to their own intrigues, treasons, and stupidities. But that is a passing mood. There are moments when the Amir enjoys his throne. When he goes out, if it be only from one building to another, he is accompanied by every one of his attendants, his Gentleman Usher, Lord of the Seal, Head of the Kitchen (whose duty is to bring petitions before his master), pages, hakims, paish khitmat, &c., &c. "When the whole cavalcade starts it forms a very pretty picture." We are sure it does. But more interesting than this is the Amir's amazing preparedness for battle:

I am always ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are always lying by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand, and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself, but for all my courtiers and personal attendants, at the door of my durbar-room. I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the Sovereign, and especially a Sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as prepared for emergencies as a soldier on the field of battle. Though my country is perhaps more peaceful and safe now than many other countries, still one can never be too cautious and too well prepared.

And yet we have kept the crowning reflection for the last. The Amir is one of us: he is a writer. To be explicit, he has written several books, which "have been printed at the Kabul Press," and another which Mr. Murray will issue in a few weeks. Of the last work this chapter is a pleasing foretaste. Long may the Amir ply his pen, delimit his frontiers, and play the festive rubab! But he really must *not* forget to eat his dinner.

## Things Seen.

### Armed Austria.

THE way was so solitary, the country so wild, the einspanner in which I drove so slow, that I had quite forgotten the customs-house on the Austrian frontier. Then we drew out from the gorge, and there standing in the road was a soldier, with fierce eyes, an air of Mars, and the ends of his moustache curling skywards. A rifle was slung over his shoulder, and from his mouth issued tempestuous words. Meekly I told him that I had nothing to declare. Indeed, my belongings, an anthology of poetry over which I had fallen asleep, some trivial articles of clothing, with a pair of broken boots, were so insignificant that I blushed for the discredit they would cast, if seen, on my well-groomed and well-appointed countrymen. But while the officer made belligerent remarks, and while he rolled his eyes, and while I thought humbly of the trivial tale of my belongings, a thought came into my mind to which, unfortunately, I gave utterance. I remembered that in the last Bavarian village I had bought twenty cigars at a halfpenny apiece—excellent cigars. The temptation assailed me to show that I, too, had my extravagances. I succumbed, and murmured, indicating my portmanteau:

"In there are a few cigars, just a few, for my own consumption. The officer bristled with excitement. "How many?" asked he. "Oh, nineteen, I answered, remembering that I had smoked one. Instantly he volleyed a guttural paragraph, which I understood to mean that I must pay duty on the nine. "But they are for my own consumption," I protested. "Surely ——" "The law permits you only ten," he cried. I flung myself back in my seat. The officer drew nearer to the carriage door. Two other men in the Imperial uniform suddenly appeared from nowhere, and upon their shoulders guns were also slung. They glared at me. I still can see their brick-dust faces and arrogant moustaches. The odds were too formidable. "Oh! take the cigars," said I, "take the nine cigars." Instantly the door was flung open, my bag was culled from the back of the einspanner, and I, surrounded by the might of Austria, entered the customs-house. There we fought the battle over again; there my name, occupation, residence, and date of birth were entered upon a long, closely printed yellow document; there my nine cigars were laid out upon a table, and armed Austria gazed from me to them, from them to me. Then followed a pause, broken by the ticking of the clock. I gazed at the nine cigars for which I had paid a halfpenny apiece, and thought of the long journey before me. I replaced them in my bag. Instantly the Enemy moved towards a bureau, a drawer was opened, a document was extracted, a quill pen was freely used—and I was handed a receipt for two shillings duty on nine cigars which had cost me a halfpenny apiece. I paid the money.

Austria unbent, stood at ease, and whisked me out into the Solitude.

### Violins.

THIS Bavarian village had, I knew, its place in history, but I could not recall the distinction it had wrested from the ages. The little winding main street, with a miniature river galloping through it, in which women with brown, wrinkled faces were washing clothes, gave me no clue. But when, to escape the sun, I sauntered through a cool, tiled archway which led into an orchard—then I found the clue. From tree to tree, just below the ripening fruit, in and out, round and through, stretched a tracery of ropes, and from the ropes hung, half a hundred of them—violins, drying their varnish, and storing the sun. And through cottage windows, upon the skirts of the orchard, I saw men with bent shoulders and pale faces, each with a violin grasped between his knees, adjusting the strings, and polishing, always polishing. The violins they grasped were mute, but those in the orchard seemed, and it was not hard to believe, alive. They were never still; they moved to the whim of every breeze, this way, that way, backwards, forwards, and each had its own movement, its own birth-murmur of life. Some of the little ones danced madly, but the 'cellos swung to and fro with ponderous harmonies. Each had its own free impulse, and now and again one would swing near to a companion, and hang there a fraction of a second, as if to whisper some secret.

A murmur, rising and falling, filled the orchard. The music makers trembled in the wind, and thrilled in the rich sunshine. I welcomed them. These were not inanimate things. They were alive, and telling one another of the music they had been born into the world to give to man.



## Ober Ammergau.

### An Impression.

PUSHING itself skywards, high above the other peaks, is a crag of rock shaped like the broad end of a fir cone. It is visible to all the country side, the landmark of a hundred villages: and upon it, in icy isolation, stands a slim cross. Ober Ammergau lies beneath.

Slowly up the mountain roads, winding zig-zag through the pine forests, hanging over ravines, crawl the carriages. And over the hills come the peasants of this land—where religion goes proudly with everyday life—dusty, footsore, their faces all set towards the same goal. In multitudinous life the village is like an ant-heap. The sun blazes down on the white ways. The dust eddies up. Figures lean from the windows of the little houses, on the fronts of which Biblical scenes are painted. Men and women, drawn from many climes, speaking many tongues, linger in the streets watching and wondering at the strange sight. It is the Tower of Babel again, but that one purpose animates them all—to hear these peasants tell once again the most familiar story in the world. As the sun goes down, and the dust-strewn carriages, in interminable line, still creep and crawl into the little village, and one sees the divers types of men and women leaning from them gazing, always gazing, the wonder grows.

Gradually one begins to distinguish between the people that crowd the little curling streets. Gradually one becomes aware of certain long-haired men—grave, detached, pale—in the crowd and yet not of it; men pursuing their ordinary work of driving omnibuses, tending cattle, carrying wood, selling goods from booths, and their hair falls long upon their shoulders. These are the actors, and they are far less self-conscious than the visitors. They express no surprise at this incursion of the world into their peaceful village. They answer questions with grave courtesy; they speak of the parts they fill in the play as if it were something impersonal, just a recurring duty of their simple lives. Their chief desire seems to be that these strangers should be made comfortable, that they should benefit from this performance of the Passion Play. Vanity has never touched them. The day draws in, the streets become almost impassable, and still those grave, long-haired men move silently among the people, never excited, never worried—peasants with whom religion and life are interchangeable terms. The sun goes down on that strange sight, the slim cross sky high on the crag goes out, in a glow of fire, while here below the work of feeding and finding lodging for 6,000 people goes evenly on. There is no confusion, no fuss. If a momentary trouble arises one of the long-haired peasants is at hand to set it right. Truly the genius of these potters and carvers is many-sided. There is little rest in the village this night. An hour from midnight the carriages are still trundling in, and the shops are still open. I buy some fruit and say to the man who weighs it, "Which part do you play?" "Nicodemus," he answers, pausing a moment to give me his full attention. And yesterday morning St. Peter was cutting the grass at the house where I lodged. All night the rumble of carriages continued, and with the early morning came the tinkle of innumerable bells as the cows sought the hill pastures. It was six o'clock. I looked from my window. The way to the church was dark with early worshippers. Soon the whole village was astir, and as the bells chimed half-past seven it was as if the streets that led down to a certain meadow at the foot of the village—moved. Slowly onwards passed the procession in one thick, sinuous line on, on to the huge building that sprawls over the meadow at the foot of the village.

And high overhead, against the sun-filled morning sky, towers that slim cross.

The six thousand have entered. It is eight o'clock. The doors are closed. No one moves; no one speaks. We

sit close together, staring at the stage, leaning forward in our seats, breathless, a strange assembly gathered together from all climes. The grey morning sky arches over the stage, and beyond rises a green hill, where I can see the cattle grazing. A bird flies across the proscenium. A little breeze springs up. Then a gun fires, and on either side of the Eastern buildings and streets that form the stage there is a movement, and the sudden sight of grave figures, in bright garments, advancing slowly and sedately. A shiver of expectancy! We lean forward. The Passion Play has begun.

## Correspondence.

### The Teaching of English Literature in Schools.

SIR,—All those interested in the literary education of the rising generation must welcome the article which appeared in the ACADEMY for September 15. Many, like myself, deplore the secondary place English literature takes in modern schools. My own school-days came ten years too early to allow me to benefit by the modern revival in women's education. But I had almost written *escape for benefit!* For I do not hesitate to say that I would not give in exchange for all the knowledge of Latin, Greek, and science, and the skill in carpentry and book-binding, that a girl may now gain in school, what I value most in my own education, that is a true love, and a real knowledge, of English literature and of the English language. I am told now that there is no time for such study, and that it can be well left to later years; but I am tempted to think that it is more important to teach a child to love the inside of a book before adorning its outside. In the old day-schools of Edinburgh, and at the finishing classes of more mature years, we did not learn handicraft or how to play hockey and cricket; but we gave up a great deal of time to study and to books. We were not taught scientifically, and I do not remember much about text-books, but I do remember the enthusiasm of our masters and mistresses, and the delight we found in preparing our lessons for their appreciation.

In those degenerate days children were left to prepare their lessons in their own way, and in their own time, and, I am tempted to think, both brains and character were benefited thereby. Nowadays it seems as if the teachers had to do all the thinking, and feed the children with the spoon-meat they have carefully prepared of easy mental digestion. A difficult passage had then to be worried out—we were put on our honour not to receive help at home—the library had to be hunted through and books borrowed from friends, in order to discover what is now learnt at a glance from the note at the foot of the page. Time is no doubt saved, but how much is lost!—above all, the valuable training in solving difficulties and reasoning out obscure points. And what treasures we found while hunting in dictionaries and old books: what a joy it was to go to school with a rare volume to show the master. What a triumph to be the only one in the class to have found out a hidden meaning! No doubt we often sat up too late and grew sleepy over a favourite study, neglecting the more unpopular lessons such as sums and French verbs; yet I cannot believe that we suffered in mind or body. The long rest from Friday night to Monday morning was sufficient to refresh any child's brain, and school life was more leisurely than now.

As I write I more and more realise another, and an all-powerful, element in our literary education. In Edinburgh literature is now, as it has been in the past, a living thing that enters into the life of all its inhabitants. Walking to and from school we passed through streets haunted with

literary memories, and with, perhaps of even greater value, romantic and historic associations. We met and recognised men whom we revered because they wrote books, although, no doubt, we could not have told what the books were about. We looked with awe upon the window where once the shadow of a hand travelled to and fro, weaving the romances we had already learnt to love. Some of us had even talked with certain grey-haired old gentlemen, "the sportive boys" that Sir Walter writes of:

Close to my side, with what delight  
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,  
When, pointing to his airy mound,  
I call'd his ramparts holy ground!  
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;  
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,  
Despite the difference of our years,  
Return again the glow of theirs.  
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,  
They will not, cannot, long endure;  
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,  
You may not linger by the side;  
For fate shall thrust you from the shore,  
And passion ply the sail and oar.

We thought it worth a walk out to Roslyn to look at the lawn where two poets met so very long ago; and we delighted in the jingling rhyme that commemorates the occasion:

"Welcome! welcome! Royal Ben!"  
"Thank ye! thank ye! Hawthornden."

It may be impossible to waken up in every child an enthusiasm for literature, but it is possible, surely, to teach them to be intelligently interested in books; and the book handled in the schoolroom derives a certain amount of fascination if the child has some association with its author. To have seen the house he lived in, the hillside he loved, or the church he prayed in, is enough to rouse an interest in what is else but a dull lesson. My letter grows too long, however, as all I would wish to suggest is that more might be done to interest children by teaching them, in their early and impressionable years, that literature is a great deal more than a study of prosy books.—  
I am, &c., A MODERN ATHENIAN.

September 17, 1900.

### "Fulham, Old and New."

SIR,—In justice to myself, you will, perhaps, allow me space for a few brief words anent the review of my book, printed in your issue of 9th inst.

Accuracy should, I think, be a virtue exercised by every man who proclaims himself the critic of other men's work. I do not say that *Fulham, Old and New* is all that it should be, but I emphatically dissent from the opinion of your reviewer that there is any want of clearness in the marginal headings employed. Your reviewer writes:

In the chapter headed "Crabtree" (vol. iii., p. 60), the reader may well be confused between Crabtree House, Lord Peterborough's house called "La Trappe," and Brandenburgh House.

If I had ever written anything so nonsensical as to call Lord Peterborough's house "La Trappe," I would willingly plead guilty to the soft impeachment of your reviewer, but, happily, the mistake is his, not mine!

Again, he calls Richardson's house at North End "a fine old red brick Georgian house." Again he falls into error, for the red brick half of the Grange is the one which the novelist did not occupy. All this is perfectly clear in my work.

I could point to other mistakes in your article, but let these suffice. It is strange, indeed, that errors like these can appear in a journal such as the ACADEMY. As, how-

ever, the reader may imagine that the misstatements are based on matter to be found in my work, it is only fair to me that these corrections should be pointed out.—  
I am, &c., CHAS. J. FÈRET.

11, Churchfield Mansions,  
Hurlingham, S.W.: September 12, 1900.

[Mr. Fèret avoids our criticism. We said that his otherwise excellent work on Fulham is lacking in clear typographical guidance, and we supported our view more carefully than is indicated in Mr. Fèret's letter. In reply Mr. Fèret convicts us of a slip purely incidental to that criticism, and of another slip that has nothing to do with it.]

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 52 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best poem not exceeding sixteen lines on "The First Fire." Many of the poems sent in are of very equal merit. We award the prize to Miss Edith Empsall, 123, Rathcoole-gardens, Horsey, N., for the following:

#### THE FIRST FIRE.

Summer is dead, and this her funeral pyre,  
See how the purple blaze leaps higher and higher!  
Vanish all sun-born dream and soft desire.

Throw on all memories of pageant flowers,  
Of bulbul's song and magic moonlit bowers,  
All dear delights of dead, delusive hours!

List to the crackling sound, relentless hiss,  
The croak of scorn for all that fond brief bliss;  
Grey ashes fall—is life and love like this?

Nay, for my face is flushed by that fell glow,  
And—strange!—my pallid hands fresh impulse know,  
And in my heart I watch a clear flame grow.

Lo, I am ready for adventure true,  
In sterner mood, on rugged highways new;  
Farewell, dead dreams! since deeds remain to do.

Other poems are as follows:

The light upon the ashen ground lies chill,  
And, in the distance, autumn bonfires gleam;  
The sun is sinking like a sun in dream,  
And night's slow stain spreads o'er the barren hill.

Pull down the blinds, and let my chair remain  
Beside the hearth; and light the house-fire there!  
Forget the darkening world and chilly air,  
And greet old friends—old books and old thoughts, again

Old thoughts! Ah, God! What ghosts of joy I see—  
The robber cave, the goblin in the glare!  
The firelight plays upon my mother's hair;  
I sit upon my stool beside her knee!

The ruddy coal falls like a crumbling tower—  
I see another face of dear delight!  
"O sweet! 'Tis not for us to dream to-night.  
Go bid the children come. It is their hour!"

[F. B., Milton-next-Gravesend.]

I rub my hands?—yet not with cold  
So much as honest satisfaction  
At finding you, my friend of old,  
Returned in all your rare attraction.

Dear friend (ay, very dear to-night  
To one whose credit's not extensive!),  
Once more I'll join you in delight  
And follow you in growing pensive.

But now you crack your sparkling joke!  
Puff! . . . Well, you beat the cloud I'm blowing!  
King Coal, I pray your cousin Coke  
May never glower where you are glowing.

Thrice welcome! tho' some flow'rs yet bloom,  
Tho' young love sings of "Sweet September."  
My lime tree's dropping hints of doom—  
But you shall sun me past December!

[J. J. B., Glasgow.]



When acorns from their cups are dropping,  
And sportsmen's guns around are popping,  
When wood-pigeons in woods are calling,  
While September leaves are falling;  
When o'er many a mist-grown hollow  
Skims the lingering summer swallow;  
When robin redbreast sings each morn,  
And toadstools dance along the lawn,  
Green chestnut burrs show slits of red,  
Brown owls at night do wake the dead,  
And sheep are driven to the fold  
Ere dips the sun his disc of gold:  
Now days begin to close in fast,  
Autumn's chill breath is felt at last—  
The first fire crackles up the chimney wide.  
We are content, and wish for nought beside.

[H. F., Exmouth.]

The firelight flickers round the room,  
The shadows dance on wall and ceiling,  
And through the softly-lighted gloom  
A Mozart melody comes stealing.  
Before the fender, flanked by screens,  
The black cat sits, erect and sober,  
And wonders what the weather means,  
Seeing the month is but October.

For hark! the bitter winds are shrill  
Through double pane and oaken shutter,  
And past these, too, the draughts distil  
And make your curtains gently flutter;  
Behold you of the coming days—  
Do not the First Fire's beauties strike you?  
Then, stooping towards the merry blaze,  
Say "Welcome! may the rest be like you!"

[W. G., Birkenhead.]

The tired earth is waking now  
After her noonday sleep.  
The sun goes down more cheerily  
Into the golden deep.  
The children's voices ring more clear  
Into the keener air;  
Their footsteps sound more merrily,  
The homestead seems more fair.  
That generous glow upon the hearth  
Means a new life for me.  
Old friends have come again to stay,  
A goodly company.  
The world outside may be unkind,  
The world outside is small.  
Kings bear me company to-night  
And hold High Festival.

[F. M. E., Minehead.]

This ruddy blaze, this genial glow,  
Which from my hearth you log doth throw,  
Marks the proud reign of summer done;  
The pitiless pomp of noontide sun  
Hath passed. Soft-footing, in his room,  
Comes sober Autumn, fraught with gloom  
Of umber-tinted woods, and froze  
Touch in his air, unfelt before.  
So let me sit and bask at will  
In the good warmth that drives the chill  
From studious blood, and watch the play  
Of dancing firelight as the day  
Dies in the dusk. 'E'en so may I  
Behold with glad tranquillity  
Life's Summer into Autumn glide:  
'Tis well; I have my warm fireside.

[H. H., Teddington.]

How cold and cheerless seems the grate!  
It greets me with a stony stare,  
And chills me as, in polished state,  
It wears a gloom funeral there.  
But lo! a magic wand is mine—  
A lucifer is soon applied.  
Ah! what a glorious glow and shine—  
A welcome meet for Autumn tide.

The faces in the fire again  
Return to set us dreaming—so  
We set at nought the driving rain,  
And linger in the long ago!

The crocus flames in jocund spring,  
We love the celandine's bright stars;  
But the first fire rare joy will bring,  
When leap the flames between the bars.

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Poems also received from: R. H. S., Fulham; A. E. W., Inverness; H. C., Reigate; B. P. N., Cricklewood; W. K. H., Greenwich; G. R. G., Stoke-on-Trent; A. K. P., Worthing; P. L. B., Tonbridge; A. D., Oxford; A. E. J., Aberystwyth; E. R. C., Devon; H. P. W., Otterburn; D. G. W., Richmond; I. A., Kensington; Mrs von S., London; J. B., Tunbridge Wells; W. H., Leicester; L. B., Chelsea; "Ione," Chelsea; Mrs. L. M. S., London; K. L. E., Colwyn Bay; A. H., Wotton Park; K. E. B., Birmingham; T. O. B., Skipton; J. D. H., London; L. V. S., London; A. F., London; M. G., Kingstons; F. M., London; G. H. H., Streatham; R. W. B., Bury St. Edmunds; E. R. S., Croydon; Miss G., Reigate; E. de M., London; E. B., Liverpool; L. M. L., Stafford; G. B., Edgbaston; J. W. H., Burslem; C. F., Hastings; E. L., Didsbury; E. F., Kensington; F. W. W., London; B. S., Nottingham; G. S. W., Catford.

### Competition No. 53 (New Series).

We offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best list of PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN LITERATURE. The character and source of each example should be, very briefly, indicated.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, September 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We cannot consider anonymous answers.

## New Books Received.

### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dandridge (Danske), Joy, and Other Poems ..... (Putnam's Sons) 5/0  
Kenrick (C. W. H.), *Ergo Amiciliae*, and Other Poems ..... (Skeffington) 2/0  
Sneath (E. Hershey), *The Mind of Tennyson* ..... (Constable) net 5/0  
Calder (Robert H.), *Poems of Life and Work* ..... (Gardner)

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lillie (Arthur), *Buddha and Buddhism* ..... (T. & T. Clark) 3/0  
Hamilton (J. Angus), *The Siege of Mafeking* ..... (Methuen) 6/0  
Andrews (S. J.), *William Watson Andrews: a Religious Biography* ..... (Putnam's Sons)  
Perkins (James Breck), *Richelieu* ..... (Putnam's Sons)  
Davidson (Thomas), *A History of Education* ..... (Constable) net 5/0  
Grenfell (B. P.) and Hunt (A. S.), *The Amhurst Papyrus* ..... (Frowde)  
Helen Keller *Souvenir* ..... (Volta Bureau, Washington, U.S.A.)  
Irwin (Sidney T.), *Letters of Thomas Edward Brown, Author of 'Fo's's's'* ..... (Constable)  
De La Warr (The Earl), *Some Reminiscences of the War in South Africa* ..... (Hurst & Blackett) 1/0  
Farrelly (M. J.), *The Settlement After the War in South Africa* ..... (Macmillan) net 10 0

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Edited by Lankester (E. Ray), *A Treatise on Zoology. Part II.* ..... (A. & C. Black) net 1 7/6  
Haeckel (Ernst), *The Riddle of the Universe* ..... (Watts) net 6/0

### EDUCATIONAL.

Torrey (Joseph), *Elementary Studies in Chemistry* ..... (Constable) net 6/0  
Rutley (Frank), *Mineralogy* ..... (Murby) 1/6  
Monckman (James), *Skertchley's Geology* ..... (Murby) 1/6

### JUVENILE.

Cooke (M. C.), *One Thousand Objects for the Microscope* ..... (Warne) 2/6  
Hamer (S. H.), *The Jungle School* ..... (Cassell) 1/6  
Mayer (Henry), *A Trip to Toyland* ..... (Richards) 6/0  
Paine (A. Bigelow), *In the Deep Woods* ..... (Heinemann)  
Austin (Stella), *Ben Cramer: Working Jeweller* ..... (Wells Gardner) 2 0  
Lagh (M. H. C.), *At the Foot of the Rainbow* ..... (Wells Gardner) 2 0  
Cobb (Thomas), *The Bountiful Lady* ..... (Richards) 1/6  
Carlaw (Rev. W. H.), *Life and Times of Donald Cargill* ..... (Gardner)  
Austin (Stella), *Somebody* ..... (Wells Gardner, Darton)  
Green (E. M.), *Left to Themselves* ..... (Wells Gardner, Darton) 2/0

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Stapleton (Alfred), *All About the Merry Tales of Gotham* ..... (R. N. Pearson, Nottingham) net 5/0  
Bullen (F. T.), *The Palace of Poor Jack* ..... (Nisbet) 1/1

### NEW EDITIONS.

Cupples (George), *The Green Hand* ..... (Sampson Low)  
Scott (Michael), *Tom Cringle's Log* ..... (Sampson Low)  
Melville (Herman), *Moby Dick* ..... (Sampson Low)  
Marryat (Captain), *Midskipman Easy* ..... (Sampson Low)  
Russell (W. Clark), *The Wreck of the Grosvenor* ..... (Sampson Low)  
Cooper (James Fenimore), *The Two Admirals* ..... (Sampson Low) The Set, 6 vols. 21 0  
Allen (James Lane), *Summer in Arcady* ..... (Macmillan) 3/6  
Dickens (Charles), *David Copperfield* ..... (Nelson & Sons) 1 0  
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Paris Sketch Book* ..... (Nelson & Sons) 1/0

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